

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. IX.—NO. 10.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1897.

\$150 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

W. M. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.
Office Main St., Moose Jaw, N. W. T.
Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

LAWRENCE KING,
Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Commissioner for Oaths, &c.
Main Street, Moose Jaw.

T. C. JOHNSTONE,
Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, &c.
Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose St., Regina.

TURNBULL & McCULLOCH,
Office in Jole's block, cor. Main & River streets.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M.
J. W. McCulloch, M.D.

D. R. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST,
Visits Moose Jaw 29th and 30th of each month.
Regina office open from 18th to 29th of each month.

H. McDUGALL, Registrar, Moose Jaw
District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

J. A. MACDONALD,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
HIGH ST., MOOSE JAW.

R-I-P-A-N-S.
ONE GIVES RELIEF.

\$10.00 TO \$25.00 A WEEK : SURE.
Right at your home! Men, women want to: whole or spare time at home. Work easily and simply; no book, canvassing, and your name and address and full instructions ready to go to work will be sent free. No expense whatever. Address: THE MEMORIAL PRINTING & LITH. CO., 39 Dundas St., London, Ont.

O. B. FYSH,
Auctioneer & Valuator.

Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at office, Town Hall block, will receive prompt attention.

JNO. BRASS,
Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.

MAIN STREET, MOOSE JAW.

To Customers..

I expect my next consignment of plums and pears on or about September 1st. Get your fruit from this lot as it may be the last this season.

THOS. HEALEY.

Cranberries now on hand, \$1.00 per pair.

SLATER'S ..

FOR **Summer Suitings**

In Nobby Scotch and English Goods.

SPECIALTY ..

—IN—

PANTINGS.

WAGHORN'S GUIDE 50c

The Season Has : Started :

Great Scott!

Did you see that bird fall?.....

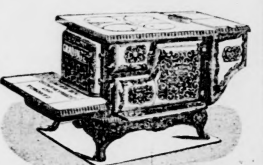
"You bet!" "That's the longest shot I ever saw in my life." "That's nothing, I do that right along." "Well, what are you using?" "Why Robin Hood of course!" "Where do you get them?" "At J. A. Healey & Co.'s; they put up the finest shell I ever used." "What other kinds of powder do they keep and how do their prices compare?" "Just like all their other lines—away down for cash. Just listen and I will quote you a few of their prices:—

Robin Hood loaded shells, 12 gauge	\$2.40
" " " " " "	2.60
Ely's London Loading, 12 " "	2.30
Winchester Blue Rival, 10 " "	2.60
" " " " " "	2.30
Robin Hood powder, 16 oz. (this powder is equal to 1 1/2 lbs. of black powder)	1.00
Manitoba Sporting coarse grain per lb.	.75
DuPont's, P.G. " " "	.60
Curtis & Harvey's, E.P. " " "	.75
The famous Hayard " " "	.60

We also have in stock a full line of shot, primers, caps, hunting coats, flasks and empty shells of every description. Guns for hire. Shells loaded to order on the shortest notice. Shooting parties will do well to call and inspect one of the most complete stocks of sporting goods ever seen in the West.

J. A. HEALEY & CO.

THE Farmer's .. STOVE ..



"Oxford Graduate"

Made for the farming trade. Extra large oven. Extra heavy castings.

Order Early....

The Garney Foundry Co. Ltd.

no. Brass, Agent, Moose Jaw.

PHOENIX SHAVING PARLOR



H. W. CARTER, - - PROP.

Sole agent for Dr. White's new hair grower. Will grow hair on any bald head on earth and cure all scalp diseases.

. NEW .

.. Arrivals !

This Week

We have placed in stock some very natty and seasonable goods in...

Ladies' Jackets, Feather Boas, Skirts, Dress Trimmings, Tams, Ulsterings.

DRESS GOODS.

We have just placed in stock some very handsome and neat designs in dress robes and the prices were never as low as we are offering them for. All very effective and neat. Also blouse silks and trimming silks, some beautiful American lines. Call and inspect above lines; best choice—first of the season.

Robinson & Hamilton.

Lumber : Yard

.. AND .. PLANING MILL .

Now for storm windows and doors, for which we are headquarters. Order now and be warm when winter comes. Give us a call if you want anything in the building line.

Boards \$16 per M and Upwards.

B. Paper. Shafts. Poles. Glass. Single and Double Trees. Lime. Double Trees. Wood. Neckyokes. F. Posts. Spokes. Hardwood. Fellows.

Chop, Wheat Meal, Graham Flour.

Please do not ask for Credit—we don't give it.

E. SIMPSON & CO.

P.S.—Folding bed for sale cheap.

H. McDUGALL

Dealer in.....

Lumber and Building... Material...

Moose Jaw, 1st May, 1897.

WAGHORN'S GUIDE 50c

MR. ROSS AT EDMONTON. He Appoints a Surveyor to Go North and Locate a Pack Trail.

Bulletin: Jas. H. Ross, of the North West Executive, arrived on Thursday's train from Regina accompanied by J. S. Dennis, Supt. of Public Works for the North West Government, to confer with Messrs. McCauley, Maloney and Tins, M.L.A.'s, respecting the opening of a wagon route to Lesser Slave Lake, which had been pressed very strongly upon his attention by these gentlemen. Mr. Ross expressed his willingness on the part of the Government to do all that reasonably lay within their power to open up the road to Lesser Slave Lake as far as it was in the territory under the jurisdiction of the Government. Commissioner Herchmer of the Mounted Police, was also seen on the subject of the exploring patrol which he is sending out to go to Slave Lake and return. It was decided that T. W. Chalmers, D.L.S., should accompany the patrol to examine the various routes travelled over, to recommend the best and to give an approximate estimate of the cost of improvement. The patrol will start on Thursday next. As soon as Mr. Chalmers' report is received work will be commenced so that the trail will be passable for sleighs in the winter and for cattle and horses first thing in the spring. Mr. Ross and Mr. Dennis went out on Tuesday's train.

This piece of road, when completed, will be an important link in the chain of communication between Edmonton and the Peace, Laird and Yukon rivers. At present the distance is gotten over by water transport on the Athabasca and Lesser Slave river and Lesser Slave lake, but the break thus existing in the land route is an almost absolute bar to ordinary travel, as people are not generally outfitted with both wagons and boats.

New Elevators at Caron and Boharm.

The Bready, Love & Tryon Company have decided to build two more elevators this season in addition to the eleven they have already erected. Boharm and Caron are to have one each. Work will be commenced on them at once and they will be erected with the least possible delay.

Rifle Notes.

The date for the fall tournament has been fixed for September 22nd. Shooting will be between the hours of 8 a.m. and 12:30 p.m., and 2 and 5 p.m. No ammunition will be sold on the grounds.

A team from the N.W.M.P. Barracks, Regina, has been invited here for a friendly competition on Sept. 24.

W. J. White won the medal given for August by Mr. Seymour Green, with an average score of 76 1/2 points.

The weekly prizes have been discontinued for the season. The last one was one by Mr. S. Green.

Armstrong-Martin.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening last at half past seven o'clock, when Mr. Wm. Armstrong, our popular waterman, and Miss Katie Martin were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. J. C. Cameron tied the nuptial knot. Miss Gilchrist supported the bride through the trying ordeal and Mr. Wm. Simington acted as best man. After the ceremony the happy young couple gave a reception to their numerous friends at their future home on River Street. The bride was made the recipient of a large number of costly and useful presents. The Times extends its congratulations.

The weekly prizes have been discontinued for the season. The last one was one by Mr. S. Green.

Found on the Prairie.

Mr. D. M. Ross, a rancher of Eyebrow Lake, met with a serious accident while returning home one day last week. When going down a hill about fifteen miles from home, his horses got frightened and tried to run away. The wagon wheel struck a stone, throwing Mr. Ross out. The wagon passing over his chest, broke several ribs, one of which entered a lung. Mr. Ross clung there for the night and next morning commenced to walk home, but when about two miles off the house he must have been overcome with exhaustion, for his grandson found him lying on the prairie, while in search of stock. He put him on the horse and took him to the house and came to Moose Jaw for the doctor. Dr. McCulloch left Monday night and returned home late last evening. The case is a very serious one, but the chances are that Mr. Ross will recover.

A Week of Fatalities.

This has been a sad week for many in Moose Jaw, there being no less than three funerals following close upon each other. Little did the Sunday school picnicers on Saturday afternoon last think that while they were enjoying the pleasures of life, one of their number, little Jennie McLean, the four year old daughter of Mr. D. McLean, C.P.R. Fuel Inspector, would take her departure for the "home for little children," where pain and sorrow is unknown. It will be remembered that she was taken suddenly ill a week ago Sunday with telescope of the bowels, and on the following Tuesday morning her parents took her to the Medicine Hat hospital, where every effort was made to save her life. For a time she seemed to rally, but about one o'clock on Saturday she passed away. The parents arrived home with the remains on Sunday evening, and on Monday at two o'clock the funeral took place from the Presbyterian church, where a most impressive service was held.

While the people were gathered at the church, the Rev. Mr. Cameron was at the death bed of Mr. Albert H. Hey, youngest son of Mr. Thos. Healey, one of our oldest and most esteemed merchants. Albert was one of the first boys in Moose Jaw, and everybody knew and liked him. When a boy he was full of life and a frank whole hearted fellow; but a few years ago he fell a victim to that dread disease, consumption, to which he finally succumbed on Monday, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Last summer he went to California, but received no benefit from the southern climate and returned home last fall, since which time he slowly lost strength. The funeral took place from his brother's residence on Tuesday afternoon to the Presbyterian church, and was largely attended by sympathetic friends. Deceased was in his twenty fourth year.

On Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Withrow were bereft of their little daughter, Hazel, aged one year, 5 months and 24 days, who died of bronchitis. Mrs. Withrow had just returned from a trip east, and when she left for home her little daughter seemed to be enjoying her usual good health, but while on the train she took sick and never recovered. The funeral took place from the Presbyterian church on the afternoon of the following day.

Rev. J. C. Cameron, pastor of the Presbyterian church, conducted all the services, and the church was beautifully decorated with floral tributes on each occasion.

To Prevent Prairie Fires.

Range fires are frequently caused by sparks from locomotives. How to prevent these destructive conflagrations has long been a puzzle to railroad men. Various attempts have been made to accomplish the result sought, but up to the present without success.

For three years Conductor Wm. Waghorn, of the Great Falls & Canada, has been studying the problem, and the result is a machine which has just been completed at the Great Falls Iron Works. This machine will burn a swath 11 feet wide along the right-of-way of a railroad, destroying every plant, whether it is green or dead, and this swath will prevent any fire starting between it and the track from crossing to the prairie.

The machine has been tested and does its work well. The fuel used is gasoline. The work will begin near Collins on Friday. Two horses haul it easily.

Mr. Waghorn expects to make more out of the invention than by going to Klondyke and so will stay here and push the sale of rights. He has applied for patents.—Great Falls Leader.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures faster, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors: 35 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole.

YOU ARE A VICTIM!

Medical Statistics Prove That Eighty Out of Every Hundred Are Tainted With Catarrh.

Are you one of the eighty? Foul breath, pain over the eyes, dripping in the throat and headaches denote it. Have you these symptoms? Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder never disappoints in a cure.

"For years I was a victim of chronic catarrh. I had tried all kinds of cures, and had been treated by numbers of physicians, but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave me almost instant relief, and in an incredibly short time I was absolutely cured from this distressing and disgusting malady." James Bradley, Danbury, N.Y. Sold by W. W. Bole.

Town Council.

Owing to an omission made by our reported, the proceedings of the last regular meeting of the town Council were not given in full. A communication was received from Mr. Seymour Green, secretary of the school board, submitting the estimates for 1898 at \$5000; from McDonald & Riddell, re the grading of Fairford St., east, and from Mr. Walker, of Regina, re position as town Inspector and band master. The corrected estimates for 1898 and the voters' lists for 1897 were also submitted. The Board of Works was authorized to make any reasonable expenditure for the grading of Fairford street. Mr. Walker's communication was laid over until next meeting. The time for preparing the collector's roll was extended to Oct. 1st. Councillor Hannah enquired if the Council thought a town of such importance as Moose Jaw required a band, and also if the Council were satisfied with the way the present Inspector was carrying out his written duties. Enquiry was also made of the Chairman of the Health Committee as to the present sanitary conditions of the town, and if proper steps were being taken to keep it as clean as possible during the hot weather. Complaint was made by Councillor Hannah that the Inspector was not impounding stock according to his instructions, as complaints continue to be made by the ratepayers.

Coun. Grayson gave notice that at the next regular meeting he would introduce a by-law confirming the rate of assessment levied for 1897.

Our Native Land.

The publication in Britain of the news that the Canadian tariff contained for the Motherland, a "favored nation" clause evoked much interest, and drew from the poet novelist, Rudyard Kipling, a fine poem, "Our Lady of the Snows," which was reprinted in these columns. The following poem in reply to Mr. Kipling's characterization of Canada as a land of snows appeared as an editorial in the Montreal Star, for which it was written by Mr. Arthur Weir:

A post sung of a nation
In words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses
Throughout the Empire went,
It breathed the Imperial spirit
At which the bosom glows,
But he shared the land that he had
praised,

As "Our Lady of the Snows."
She has lands unknown to summer,
But she keeps them for a park
For such as find little Europe
Too small for ambition's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen,
For a Franklin to repose,
But they heremote from themarts and home
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime
Winters when keen winds bite,
And in the frosty heavens
Gleams the auroral light;
When in the drifted snows
She counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that rings a harvest
For "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton
Still shivers in east winds,
The winter flees, and the rivers
No more the ice king bind,
And blossoms call upon blossom,
And exult in fair form shows
In the land that is called by Kipling
"Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple
Where England might be lost;
She has ports that are ever open
To ships that are tempest-tossed;
She has fields of wheat unbounded,
Where the whole horizon glows,
And the hot sun lingers to hear her styled
"Our Lady of the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy
With clustering purple and white,
And the velvet peach in its swaying nest
Fills the garden with delight.
She can pluck, if she will, at Vaucluse,
In the balmy air, the rose,
And her people smile when they hear her
called

"Our Lady of the Snows."

The wire that brought that message
On lightning under the sea
Had been too short to bear it
To her furthest boundary.
Not by a heedless phrasing
Of catchword, verse or prose,
Can the truth be told of the vast domain
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

IN BED FOR WEEKS.

And Every Breath She Drew Was An Excruciating Pain Rheumatism Had Fastened His Talons on His Prey—South American Rheumatic Cure Snatched Her From His Grasp.

"For fifteen years I had been troubled with rheumatism. It had settled in my back. At times the pain was so severe as to entirely lay me up for weeks at a time. I was just about discouraged and had given up hope when I was recommended to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I did so. The first bottle enabled me to leave my bed, and in one week from the time I commenced its use I was completely cured. It is undoubtedly the best remedy in the world for rheumatism." Mrs. John Hammond, Elora, Ont. Sold by W. W. Bole.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

MAKING FAMILY CHEESE.

In making cheese by the dairyman at home, where they do not have a vat with a heating arrangement underneath, the milk can be heated in a tin heater set in a kettle in which there is a quantity of water. A dairy kettle is the best, that is, a kettle and stove combined. If you do not have this you can use a caldron kettle set in an arch. If there is draft enough so that it will not smoke, as the smoke would taint the milk, then by filling the tin heater with milk and warming it up to about 100 degrees Fahr., and turning it in the vat and filling it up again and heating it, and continuing to do so until the temperature of the milk in the vat is 88 degrees Fahr., it could all be warmed. Then add rennet extract, reduced with one quart of cold water, at the rate of three ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk, thoroughly stirred, so that it will be evenly distributed through the whole mass of milk, says George A. Smith, in Farm Journal. When the curd is hard enough so that it will cleave from the side of the vat when pressed away by laying the back of the hand upon it, cut it, using the perpendicular knife, and cut as even as possible. Then stir it until the whey begins to separate quite freely. Then dip off whey and fill the tin heater and warm up to about 100 degrees Fahr., and turn it in the vat, and continue to do so until the temperature is brought up to 98 degrees Fahr., at which point it should be kept until the curd becomes firm, and when squeezed up in the hand it will fall apart readily, and by taking and squeezing the moisture out of it and touching it to a hot iron, it will draw out fine threads about one-half inch in length. Then draw off the whey and stir the curd until the whey is thoroughly drained out of it, and then stir in salt at the rate of two pounds of salt to 1,000 pounds of curd. Pile up the curd on the side of the vat and cover up with a cloth and let it remain about one hour, stirring it up occasionally, then put to press and press it lightly at first, and then for four hours the cheese may be taken out and a muslin bandage put about it. The cheese should be kept in a cool room and be turned, greased and rubbed every day.

GRINDING MOVING MACHINE KNIVES.

Every farmer that I ever saw grinding moving-machine knives held them out at arm's length, and ground them on the top of the stone, similar to the way that a scythe is ground. This is not only a slow, laborious way, but as good an edge cannot be obtained as where a proper rest for the knife section is used. I use a flat board rest for grinding mine, says a writer in Rural New Yorker, which is made by simply nailing a board about seven or eight inches wide on top of the frame that the stone is hung upon. The stone should be trued up so as to run true, and the edge of the rest should come close to the surface of the stone so as not to permit the knife section to be drawn down between the stone and rest. My stone is hung upon the common friction wheel bearings which raise the center of the stone just high enough to rest on top of the frame makes it just about right for grinding the moving-machine knives upon the back of the knife section rests on the rest. One side of the knife has to be ground on one side of the stone, and then the other side on the other side of the stone, and at such an angle to the face in the way of the end of the section. The stone should revolve towards the knife, and the knife should be held with the point pitched a little towards the stone and at such an angle to the face of the stone as will bring it to a proper cutting level; this position can readily be ascertained by the operator in one or two trials. The knife should be held with one hand, and with the other the operator is pressed against the stone. After becoming accustomed to this way of grinding level-edged tools, one will wonder how he ever got along with the old way. Chisels and similar tools can be ground in this way. Whenever grinding tools that do not reach across the face of the stone, he should be given a side-way motion, so as to prevent wearing the stone unevenly. In grinding my moving-machine knives, I grind one side of three or four of the sections on the side of the stone next to the crank end, so as to wear that side of the stone down with the other; this with the other side of grinding we have seen to keep that side of the stone worn down even with the other.

PRUNING NEWLY SET TREES.

Pruning a newly set tree, whatever may be necessary, should be done soon after setting, and all after-pruning should be supplementary to that. Buy well-grown trees with well-branched heads. A tree with a main leader or stem, with branches, diverging equally in all directions, at intervals of from three to six inches, is the model tree, and such a tree needs no pruning. Such a tree, when grown, will seldom split down. But it is not often that a strictly perfect tree comes from the nursery, for it is hard to grow, and it becomes necessary to bring the tree into this model condition by pruning. Remove sharp forks and some of the weaker branches where they are too close together, keeping the tree balanced on all sides. But with most branches on the southwest side; don't cut back either the leader or the ends of side or lateral branches, except it be the unusually long ones on apple, pear, etc. If much cutting back is needed, do it the second spring (before buds swell), for trees live better when not cut back, especially cherry and pear. Never cut back the branches of a cherry tree the first year, cut out entire all weak branches, but don't shorten those left. A peach tree, on the contrary, must have entire top cut off, leaving only a stick fifteen to thirty inches above the root. When this is trimmed, plant in good, mellow soil, about two inches deeper than in nursery. When growth begins, sprouts will come out all along up the body.

All should be rubbed off while small, except three or four near the top, that must be allowed to grow to form the main branches of the future tree. These new branches will grow from three to five feet for the first season, and so make a much stronger and better formed tree than would have been possible had not the top all been cut away. Don't fail to cut off entire top when planting a peach tree.

FACTS ABOUT THE HORSE.

A horse will travel four hundred yards in four and one-half minutes at a walk, 400 in two minutes at a trot, 400 yards in one minute at a gallop. The usual work of a horse is taken at 22,500 pounds raised one foot per minute for eight hours per day. A horse will carry two hundred pounds twenty-five miles per day of eight hours. An average draft horse will draw 1,000 pounds twenty-three miles per day on level road, weight of a wagon included. The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse-mill model, a horse can pull a horizontal line of 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion he can pull only 500 pounds. A five-year-old horse will live twenty-five years on water without solid food, seven days without food, drinking only five days on food without drinking. A four-horse team will haul from twenty-five to thirty-six cubic feet of limestone each load.

RAILROAD MEN AND SPOTTERS.

Every Conductor and Railroad Man Have Their Own Troubles.

There is no class of people more dreaded by railroad men than the "spotter," who is apt to turn up unexpectedly at critical moments to the discomfort of careless employees. Railroad men are not, as a rule, either heartless or intentionally heedless, but they are so persistently annoyed by the travelling public, in the way of senseless and unreasonable questions, and a invariably adopt for self defence, a cunningness that is foreign to their nature. This often leads to unpleasant relations between the employees and the company, which generally obtain his information upon such points from these "spotters," who are always on the lookout for any malfeasance or misfeasance. Illustrative of the foregoing may be cited the case of Conductor Holieran, one of the most popular of the Erie Railroad. Not long since he was standing on the platform of the depot waiting for his train to start when an individual approached and accosted him.

"Say," said the man, "does this train go to Buffalo?" "You can bet your neck it does, if you don't mind," replied the conductor. A spotter, who chanced to be on the train, overheard the remark, and Holieran was laid off for ten days. The first day he again boarded his train as usual, and he was again accosted by a "spotter." "Change ten dollars," said Holieran. "Change nothing," I've just been laid off ten days, and I don't want to change my shirt. The man happened to be a spotter, and Holieran was laid off for thirty days more.

He made a trip at the expiration of his term of suspension, when a passenger wanted to know if he could stop over at Sunquochoa. Taking out a pad and pencil, Holieran wrote on it, "You can if the engineer doesn't forget to stop the train. Excuse my writing, but the blamed company won't allow an employee to talk on his train while on duty." The man smiled sweetly, and said that he had no objection to stop the train indefinitely. Just now he is temporarily engaged in "braking" on the road, and he spends his spare time practicing polite speech for the satisfaction of the financial "spotter."

SUMMER SMILES.

Bangers—And were you married on time? Gingers—O, no; I had to pay the parson cash.

Fuddy—Beycling's pretty expensive affair isn't it? Duddy—That's so. When a fellow isn't blowing in air he's blowing in money.

He—"What is a crank?" She—"Why a person with one idea." "Would you call me a crank?" "Why, no; I never saw you say anything."

He—"The record says you were born in 1860." She—"That is correct. How old would you say I am?" "Oh about 30." "You horrid thing! I'm not 25 yet."

"Sympathetic people have a hard time in this world." "In what way?" They have to listen to other people's troubles and never get a chance to tell their own.

A man without a wife is a man down at the heel; But the saddest thing in life is a man without a wheel.

"That is a very pretty servant maid they have next door to Tomlinson's." "Yes, that's the one they always send over to borrow Tomlinson's lawn mower."

Fuddy—"Grimsy is proud as Lucifer over his wife." Duddy—"Well what of it? He'd ought to be." Fuddy—"I've seen Grimsy's wife." Duddy—"No, but I've seen Grimsy."

"I think a woman should always allow someone else to choose her husband." "What is your reason?" "So, she won't have to blame herself if he doesn't turn out well."

"Don't you think these stripes become me?" asked the summer awning. "They ought to run crosswise," said the window, savagely. "You are nothing but a daylight robber."

STRANGE SUICIDE.

A great sensation has been created at Odessa, and, indeed, throughout Southern Russia, by the announcement that Rev. D. W. Ford, the well-known chaplain of the Anglo-American church at Odessa, has committed suicide for a love cause by hanging himself in the sacred building, which is not to be used for divine service again until it has been solemnly reconsecrated by a Bishop sent out from England for the purpose.

A REMARKABLE OLD MAN.

SAW NAPOLEON AND CHARGES WITH BLUCHER AT WATERLOO.

His Graphic Description of the Fall of the Emperor of the "Man of Amsterlit"—Saw Service on Several Historic Battle-Fields—Has Lived in Two Centuries and Expects to Enter the Next.

John Frederick Deuth, surrounded by four generations of his descendants, celebrated his one hundredth birthday at the home of one of his sons, in Burleson County, Tex., on the 23rd day of June. Few living men have participated in greater affairs or witnessed more of the important events of the past century than this extraordinary old man. It would require many hours for one to repeat the names of the great historical characters whom this man has either seen or conversed with during his long career. His mind is perfectly clear, he walks with soldierly bearing and a casual observer would not take him to be much above eighty years of age.

Perfectly authentic records and the testimony of his children confirm the statement that he was born just 100 years ago in the City of Berlin. He saw Napoleon in 1814, and again he had a glimpse of him as he was flying before Blucher's terrible dragons from the bloody field of Waterloo. He saw all the great master spirits of Europe who gathered in Paris after the fall of the "man of destiny." He saw "Napoleon the Little," as he called him, whining from ill-health and groveling in hopeless incompetence at the feet of Bismarck and Von Moltke at Sedan. He saw the Austrian legions melt away at Sadova before the walls of steel that the great German strategist had made.

LIVING MACHINES OF WAR. Bismarck had aroused to a pitch of frenzy by saying to them on the eve of battle, "Bayonets that think are invincible." He listened to Humboldt during the last years of the last century and conversed with many old soldiers who served under Frederick the Great.

Although this interesting old veteran has been a soldier in four great wars and many campaigns, he was never more than a Lieutenant, though he frequently served upon the staffs of some of Prussia's greatest military commanders. When Prussia shook off the French yoke, in 1813, Johan was 18 years of age, and he at once enlisted in a regiment that was immediately sent to the front to join Blucher's army. A few days later this regiment covered itself with glory at the terrible battle of Katzbach, where Blucher, at the head of the newly organized army, defeated four French Marshals, one of whom boasted before the conflict began "that no army in Europe had ever would be able to see the color of the knapsacks of the soldiers of his division."

Mr. Deuth thinks that this was one of the old Field Marshal's greatest victories. Blucher rapidly crossed the Elbe, and soon afterwards again faced the French on the bloody field of Leipzig. Here Johan was wounded, but he was shortly after able to rejoin the army, which after fighting several other battles, entered Paris, March 31, 1814. During the occupancy of Paris by allied armies, Johan had an opportunity of seeing the man whose name had been in every one's mouth throughout all Europe for nearly a quarter of a century.

"I was greatly disappointed," he says, "for I only saw a pale, fat man, whose face looked as if it had been chiseled from marble, whereas, I suppose, he expected to see a great giant, with many physical attributes wonderfully different from other men." The old man says that here for the first time he had an opportunity of witnessing Marshal Blucher's sublimity. Surrounded by a group of officers the battle-scarred old warrior was looking upon the magnificent structure which spanned the Seine. This was the bridge of Jena, which Napoleon had built to commemorate his victory over the Prussians. Blucher could hardly endure the sight of it, and he RAVED LIKE A MADMAN.

Shaking his clenched fist at the structure, he shouted a curse at it. "It shall be blown up, I order it done at this instant. Not one stone shall be left upon another." It was not until the great difficulty that other commanders prevented him from executing his threat. This was not all that he wanted to do. At one time he declared that he would cut Paris in half and hang Napoleon at the head of his army.

"We thought him terrible at that time," says the old man, but we had only seen the beginning of his rage. Blucher was not at all satisfied with the terms of the treaty which permitted Napoleon to retire to Elba and showed his superior judgment by declaring "that the whole business would have to be done over again."

"In 1813," says the old man, "Blucher was simply a great military commander with an ungovernable temper, and animated by the most intense and bitter hatred of Napoleon. In 1814 he was a roaring, howling, incarnate demon on the march. When the campaign opened he roared as he mounted his war horse. 'Nothing can stop me from hanging him this time if I lay my hands on him,' and that very threat was the secret of Napoleon's rapid flight to Paris and his imbecile conduct after Waterloo. He was afraid of Blucher, and he might have been.

It was on the 16th of June, 1815, we saw the old Marshal at his best, or as some say, at his worst. When the battle commenced Blucher was confident of victory, but the skillful strategy of Napoleon soon turned the fortune of the day in favor of the French. The old Marshal no sooner saw victory slipping from his grasp than he became a madman. He galloped over the field bareheaded, swearing, raving and threatening officers and soldiers alike. Every one was afraid of him. Observing a regiment that was melting away he galloped along the line, and shouted that he would order his dragons to massacre them if they retired another inch.

At Ligny, for the last time, Napoleon used with great effect that

TERRIBLE FIELD ARTILLERY

that had pulverized the armies of Europe. No troops on earth could have stood against such a shower of grape-shot.

In the campaign of 1815 Mr. Deuth had reached the grade of Lieutenant, and for gallantry in action at Ligny, he was promoted to promotion. He, however, heard no more of that. When Blucher turned his columns toward the sound of the firing at Waterloo, Lieut. Deuth was with the advance, and there he again saw a great deal of Blucher. It appeared impossible for him to do enough to urge the columns forward. He coaxed, begged, cursed and stormed at both officers and men. Sometimes he would gallop ahead and wave his sword for his men to come on, and then in his impatience he would drive the spurs into his horse's flanks, and come thundering back along the line. "You move like snails," he would roar. "Can't you hear the cannon? Don't you know we are needed there?"

When we came within sight of the battle and began to smell the smoke," says Mr. Deuth, "the horses needed no further urging. They seemed to be as eager as the men to see their riders. Lieut. Deuth, says Mr. Deuth, led the first charge, and he was unhorsed, and the column rode over him, and back over him again. Lieut. Deuth rode the first charge of dragons that swept the field. This regiment was in advance of all others in the pursuit of the flying French columns. They came upon Napoleon's carriage, and the old man says he heard soldiers shouting, "There goes the Emperor," and when he looked ahead he saw the well-known form of Napoleon urging his horse on. The road was so thoroughly choked with wagons, caissons and horses that the "man of Amsterlit," was far away before the Prussian dragons succeeded in making their way through the tangled mass.

After the fall of Napoleon Mr. Deuth saw no more of war until he was a very old man. He marched with the Prussian army in the war against Austria, and he witnessed the terrible

BATTLE OF SADOWA

though he did not handle a musket. When war broke out between France and Prussia, in 1870, although Mr. Deuth was 74 years of age, he at once joined the army and became a member of the staff of the veteran General, Helmuth von Moltke, the "brain" of the battle of Sedan, where he was slightly wounded, but he was able to be in the saddle when Napoleon passed along the road with a "downcast" look, seeking good old King William at whose feet he had determined to throw himself and ask a great deal for France. Mr. Deuth says that Napoleon is not to be blamed for surrendering his army. His marshals had been completely outgeneraled, he says, and if the old hero of Marengo and Austerlitz could have rescued the French army from the trap into which it had fallen.

Mr. Deuth entered Paris for the third time in 1871, where he observed that wonderful changes had taken place. He thinks that Napoleon did a great deal for France, and that he deserves credit for having made it one of the most beautiful cities in all Europe.

Mr. Deuth has now passed the century mark, and is doubtless one of the best preserved and healthiest men of his age on the continent. He not only walks about attending to his affairs, but he passes his days in the most active manner. He is fond of all outdoor sports, and very frequently is found five or six miles from his home engaged in fishing or hunting. In these rambles he is ever accompanied by a great grandson, but the old man claims that he does not need the services of a guide at all. He says that he has ate, drank and slept as well as he inclined, though never to excess, and that he has never changed his habits. He hopes to live into the next century, and that he may be able to say that he has lived in three centuries.

HEALTH AND POPULATION.

The Larger the City the Lower the Death Rate—The Law Shows by Statistics.

Some official figures recently appeared in London which gave great surprise to social economists. They were filled with the registrar-general and showed that the death rate was relatively lower in the larger cities of England than in the small ones. The rate in London was 155 per 1,000 inhabitants, while in the town of Hull it was 215, and in Sheffield, 191; but in the town of Plymouth it was 235; in Salford, a suburb of Manchester, 259; in Bolton, 258, and in Burnley, 251. Though the sanitary conditions of the larger cities are better than in the smaller towns, the transient population is larger in the former, and moreover, the big cities usually maintain a larger number of public, penal and charitable institutions, which add materially to the death rate. The figures filed with the registrar-general in London caused surprise to many who had accepted it as a fundamental truth that in the large cities where population is compacted and the life is carried on under conditions unfavorable to health, the death rate is larger than in the country, where there are ample room, abundant recreation and the life of the sedentary life of a great city.

LIGHTNING DISASTERS.

Two Young Girls Struck and Killed in a Storm.

A correspondent writing from St. Felicien, one of the new parishes north-west of Lake St. John, Que., tells of a disastrous thunder and rainstorm which occurred there on Monday, the day after the fatal disaster by lightning to the church at Jonquieres, in the same locality, in which a young boy was killed. In the storm next day the young man was struck and killed, and killed at Normandin. At St. Felicien lightning struck the steeple of the parish church, which was wrecked, and the roof of the church was blown from the building. A number of other buildings were overturned, and some 40 houses and barns were unroofed, and otherwise injured, the damage to buildings being valued at \$20,000. Crops were also badly damaged, and a few cattle and horses killed.

HIS LAST RESORT.

How did Sims happen to marry his landlady, professor?

I am not conversant with all the facts but from what I have gathered incidentally I am under an impression that he might say that a board bill had some direct bearing upon the unexpected union.

About the House.

CARE OF FLAT-IRONS.

Judging from the usual attention given flat-irons most housewives do not know that good care will keep them in perfect condition for years. The flat-irons are kept standing on the stove, from one week's end to another. This practice is certain to ruin the temper of the iron. Very often they become covered with grease from frying or cooking and are not washed afterwards. Find some place for them and keep them there when not in use. If many starched clothes are ironed every week it may be necessary to wash the irons weekly in strong soapuds in which a little ammonia has been mixed. Then set the irons on the stove to dry after wiping them well first. Sand or emery paper is good for cleaning irons; a handful of coarse table salt spread on a cloth for rubbing the iron over is also used. It removes the starch and leaves the iron smooth.

Never put irons to heat on a stove which has not been previously wiped clean, and do not allow them to get too hot. If too hot to use it is a bad practice to plunge them into cold water as it spoils them. Set them on end at the back of the stove and allow them to gradually cool. To avoid having the iron stick to starched clothes have it perfectly clean, then rub it over with oil, and then wipe thoroughly on a cloth before using. Some housewives cook a bit of white wax in the starch, which prevents much annoyance from the irons sticking.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

To Bleach Flour Sacks.—Before wetting the sacks, dampen the letters with kerosene, rub them up closely and let them remain over night. Dampen them again; rub soap on the letters thoroughly, using as little water as possible, until the letters are quite gone. They may then be washed in the ordinary way and put out to bleach, if you want them quite white.

Buying Soap.—There are some commodities which if bought in large quantities, will save quite a nice sum, and that is what the economical housekeeper looks after. Among them is soap, especially that which is used in the laundry. There is some little reduction in the price, and then when soap is fresh it is so soft that enough is wasted. When soap is brought home all the wrappers should be unwrapped so that it may dry out and become hard as possible.

For Breakfast.—Very often there is some mashed potatoes left from the day before which may be served in the form of potato croquettes for breakfast. If the potato is mixed with an egg and seasoned to taste, it may be rolled into balls or cakes, dipped in white of egg, rolled in dry crumbs or corn meal or fried in hot fat—butter or lard. Very often there is not enough potato, and in that case it may be mixed with some minced meat or omelet and an egg and fried in the same way. Another way is to mix the potato with fine stale bread crumbs and egg, adding a pinch of salt, a spoonful of butter and frying in hot fat. Still another is to mix the potato and boiled rice together. Form into balls and fry.

Plain Muffins.—They are very nice in winter when eggs are scarce. Two cupsful of flour, one cupful of milk, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with the flour. Warm the butter just enough to soften it, put all the ingredients together, mix well and rapidly. Heat and grease roll pans, put a tablespoonful of the batter into each; bake in a quick oven, or you can grease muffin rings and put them on a hot grid-iron, half full of water, and cook for five minutes. Turn out and serve. This is a plan that will not interfere with the rising of the muffins. When nicely browned at the under crust, turn carefully and quickly. They should not be covered the time and need but few minutes cooking. As soon as the muffins are browned they are done. This way of cooking them is very convenient when you do not wait for the oven to this time light mold into leaves, place to keep enough fire to make the oven hot.

Yeast Foam.—Home-made yeast is scarcely worth the trouble in these days of perfectly made, dry and compressed forms of yeast cake. It is apt to become sour, and at the best soon becomes valueless, from some one or more of many causes. Yeast foam is to be depended upon, is inexpensive and in dry form, good bread may be counted as assured if made after the following formula, provided, of course, the best brands of flour are used, the bread not called from start to finish, and care taken to do right. The things that must be done in general bread-making: At noon, pare and boil, and mash enough four or five large potatoes. When cooled to lukewarm, add one-half yeast cake that has been soaked in a few teaspoonfuls of warm water. Mix thoroughly by beating and keep warm. By evening the mass will have become a perfect foam. Before retiring mix a sponge consisting of three parts of potato water, when boiling the potatoes at noon, the potato water, yeast, and when the morning two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Heat thoroughly, and if the weather is chilly cover closely enough that the mixture will be kept warm the night through. Warm the flour before mixing in a stiff loaf the following morning. Knead until smooth, set to rise, mold down once, and again set to rise. When this time light mold into loaves, place in the double driller or baker, cover and let rise until ready for baking, which is known by pressing with the finger of the hand. If the dough springs back in place it is ready to be baked.

THE DISTINCTION WAS THERE.

"You women," said he, in the peculiarly exasperating way a man has of saying them two words. "You women buy bargain things because they are cheap."

"We do not," said she. "We buy cheap things because they are bargain." The distinction was almost too much for the wondering masculine intellect, but it was there.

ARTIFICIAL EARS.

The making of artificial ears has well-nigh reached perfection. They are made of specially prepared rubber that is completely without injury and is usually painted to resemble the natural organ. When one ear is gone, the manufacturer makes a model of the other ear, and from that model constructs the artificial member. Then a piece is carefully touched up as a fine painting. When completed it costs from \$100 to \$125.

A WISER COURSE.

Don't-I thought of buying that suburban property, but I'd like to get some information about the place from some one who lives there.

Smith-Get your information from some one who used to live there.

FIRST TIME FOR HIM.

You have injured my reputation, because I said the great after-dinner orator. You said in your paper that I had got off a new joke.

Excuse your pardon, doctor, said the reporter, you are under a misapprehension. I said you got the joke off for the first time.

CLEAR REASONING.

How do you know your father will give his consent?

How-He has often said that you are the best man in our set to whom he would give his, and he has sent all the others about their business as they stood for no.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.
Grayson Block, Main Street.
Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

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Thos. Miller, Manager.

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Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1897.

ARE OUR CREAMERYMEN LAGGING?

(From Farming.)

Despite the efforts made by the Dominion to provide cold storage facilities on our rail and ocean transportation service, it is to be regretted that the export of Canadian creamery butter to England has not been as large as it was anticipated it would be. The refrigerated space which Canadians have not used has, however, been used by American shippers. American butter from northern New York, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, has been carried to England in great quantities in the cold storage which the enterprise of our Dominion Government provided for our own creamerymen. This deficiency of Canadian butter for our ocean cold storage service is due partly to the fact that creamery production in Canada is not yet as great as it will be in the near future. It is partly due to the fact that some Canadian creamerymen and shippers are unwilling to pay the extra ten shillings a ton charged for the ocean refrigeration. This is a very foolish economy and one that we trust will shortly cure itself. But whatever the cause of the deficiency is, the result is lamentable. Canadian creamery butter has won a good reputation for itself in England. All this season Canadian creamery butter has averaged 2 cents a pound higher than the same grade of butter made in the Western States. The latest London quotations show a difference of 6 to 8 shillings a hundredweight. But English buyers are finding out the good qualities of American butter and are placing orders with American shippers that should naturally come to us. A London firm has recently contracted to take the entire daily product of the Iowa agricultural college, amounting to 800 lbs. a day. Readers of Farming for last month will remember that it was the butter made in this college that met with the highest success in Secretary Wilson's first trial shipment of American butter. In the meantime United States shippers do not enjoy so good an ocean cold storage service as we have, and if our creamery product were sufficiently large and sufficiently good we should have nothing to fear from the competition of our neighbors. But it does seem unfortunate that now we have got a good ocean transport service it is our competitors rather than our lives who are reaping the advantage of it. Another point is that we are still sending butter to England in tubs instead of boxes. Six hundred tubs from Montreal entered the London market in one week. The policy that Farming would urge is this: Let every farmer who supplies butter to a creamery insist on these things: (1) The best product the creamery can turn out; (2) The best and most up-to-date packing the creamery can use—this in every case should be a square package; and (3) The use of the cold storage system on every foot of the route to England possible.

THE PREMIER'S RETURN.

The Premier's reception is not only a political but a national triumph. As he said at the great demonstration at Montreal, our voice for the first time has been heard among the nations of

the earth. It is a proud thought, awakening the responsive feelings which prompted all creeds, races and parties to join in the general rejoicing. The denouncing of the German and Belgian treaties marked the birth of a new nation, for with the change the Dominion came into possession of its patrimony of British freedom. With the change comes the power to grant tariff preferences wherever he will, and to manage our fiscal affairs as our best interests and the best interests of the whole nation may direct. The Premier has reason to be proud of his achievements in constructive statesmanship and in diplomacy. The preferential tariff was enacted at a time when fortune brought a splendid opportunity for diplomatic advances. The denunciation of the treaties was a tribute to Canada in which all parties and races have a share; and in spite of the heat of party feeling there is a general rejoicing in this Canadian triumph which shows the Dominion a united nation. A broad Canadianism has risen above party pride on the one hand and party jealousy on the other, and the representative of the whole Dominion has been welcomed by the whole Dominion.

The Premier went to that historic festival as the representative of Canada and worthily sustained the role. To the deputation which met him at Quebec he declared that the pleasantest part of his journey was the return, and so that return has been the greatest triumph of all his achievements. He was still the representative of all parties, and his political creed was above the party strife. "Whatever may be the struggle," he said, "and whatever may be the ground on which politicians may make war upon this Government, as for us, we have only one struggle to make, and we have only one ground on which to fight; we want one thing and one thing only, that is to develop the resources of this country, to make its prosperity more complete than it is at present." This is the sentiment of a grand occasion, when men can rise above the feelings which prompt the imputation of unworthy motives to those who differ as to the best means to a common end. We have had far too much of that spirit in the party wars of the past. Now the responsibility and dignity of national existence should keep both parties on a higher level. Canada has risen to a grand occasion. Let us not slide down again to the old ruts of party recrimination, but recognize the unity of purpose in all true Canadians, differ how we will as to ways and means for the advancement of our common country. —Globe.

A God-Sent Blessing.

Mr. B. F. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from organic heart disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart was his good angel, and he lives today to tell to others. Hear him: "I was fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in the left side and swollen ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose relieved me inside of ten minutes. Several bottles cured me. Sold by W. W. Bole.



Thousands of women daily achieve womanhood's supremest joy, only to meet, a few days or weeks or months later, its supremest sorrow. This is because so many babies are born into the world with the seeds of death already sown in their little bodies. If a woman would have healthy, robust children, strong and able to withstand the usual little illnesses of childhood, she must "look before she leaps."

If a woman will take the proper care of her health in a womanly way, during the period of prospective maternity, she may protect herself against much pain and suffering and possible death, and insure the health of her child. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It always inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the tortured nerves. It insures the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent to this world easy and almost painless. It insures an ample supply of nourishment. It is the greatest known nerve tonic and invigorator for women. All good dealers sell it. Say "No" and stick to it when urged to accept a substitute said to be "just as good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"I had miscarried twice and was so weak I could not stand on my feet," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, of Lowell, Maine. "I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby and am stronger than for twenty years."

The quick constipation-cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Never gripe. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

R. BOGUE

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ALL OTHER LINES
COMPLETE. R. BOGUE.

OUR PRODUCTS IN BRITAIN

PROF. ROBERTSON'S HOPEFUL
OUTLOOK THEREFOR.

Above all Things the Quality
Must be Good.—The Benefits
of Cold Storage.—Interesting
Reading for the Farmers.

Prof. Robertson, Canadian Commissioner of Agriculture, who has had special charge of the work of furthering the consumption of Canadian food stuffs in the United Kingdom, has recently returned from a mission of that nature to Great Britain. As to the results of his trip the Professor has given the following report for publication:—

Great and continuous prominence has been given to Canadian matters in the British papers during the season. They may lead to a decided advantage in the demand for Canadian products. The consuming public of Great Britain, which does not often trouble itself with the names of places from whence their food products come, has been persistently and continuously made aware of the fact that Canada is the premier colony of the Empire and a place from which all sorts of good things may be obtained, from the best quality of wheat to the finest of cheese to eat with their bread; from the most nourishing beefsteak to luscious and juicy flavored peaches and cream; from golden butter made in the government creameries in the North West and elsewhere, to bricks of gold—in prospect—from the Klondyke and Kootenay and the Lake of the Woods.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The British business men whom one meets from day to day, say that they find a decided preference in England for things Canadian and things colonial; but that when the retail buyer comes to the importer's warehouse to select his goods for the week, he leaves this preferential sentiment outside the warehouse and outside the bargain, and buys only what he counts to be the best value, no matter where the goods come from. Moreover when he buys anything Canadian, he adds to his shop talk for his customers the fact that it is Canadian, and therefore pure and wholesome and from a country where the habits and customs of the people are of a high order in regard to cleanliness.

More than ever, the British markets are becoming the places where the surplus foods of all lands are sent for final disposal. There is such an abundance and variety of foods in the markets of the great cities of England, Scotland and Ireland, that the people have become fastidious and most discriminating buyers. On the streets of the great cities, while a Canadian notices the poor and some times tattered clothing of the lower classes, he is struck by the well fed appearance of their faces and limbs. For the best qualities of all kinds of foods, in the pink of fine condition, there is a steady demand, at relatively high prices, and for the same kinds of foods of an inferior quality and out of condition, the prices are very low, although the demand may be called omnivorous.

FRESH MEATS.

I saw only one shipment of fresh dressed beef from Canada. When cut up on the counter of the retailer it compared most favorably with the best Scotch or best English beef on sale. The outside of the quarters had lost the bloom of freshness, and that doubtless prevented it being sold at as high a price wholesale as obtainable for the best Scotch or the best English.

The fat cattle which are imported into Great Britain from Canada or the United States, must, according to the regulations of the British government, be slaughtered at the port at which they are landed. The carcasses from

such cattle are hardly distinguishable in appearance from the home fed cattle of England and Scotland. They are dressed in the same way. The only external evidence of difference is in the fat of most of them being of a yellower hue than in the carcasses of the English and Scotch. The chilled beef imported into Great Britain from the United States, is not fetching wholesale, as high prices by the quarter as the beef from steers which are imported alive from Canada and the United States. In the retail butcher's shops the beef from steers imported alive from Canada and the United States and the chilled beef from the United States, are sold often indiscriminately for the same price as beef from home fed cattle and it is doubtful whether an expert judge of beef could tell by examination from which class of animals the roasts or steaks, when so cut, had been taken.

The frozen beef which is imported into Great Britain from Australasia and Argentina sells for a definitely lower price than those classes which I have just mentioned. There appears to be a large opening for a large trade in chilled beef from Canada. The beef, particularly from steers fed in the North West Territories, could be handled to the British markets at a much lower cost per head dressed than alive. There would be an avoidance of the shrinkage in weight resulting from the long journey. There would be prevention of discoloration of the tallow. There would be no bruising with the consequent damaged appearance of many quarters from cattle shipped alive. I think it is only a question of a short time when the retail butchers will pay for chilled beef arriving in England in the best condition a price equal to if not higher than, the price they will pay for beef from the abattoirs there.

MUTTON AND LAMBS.

Enormous quantities of frozen mutton and frozen lambs are imported from Australasia and Argentina. While in the frozen state they look almost as well as the fresh killed and unfrozen carcasses, but when thawed and exposed they quickly take on a darkened and repulsive appearance. Those interested in these products claim that the quality is nearly as good as the home grown English, Welsh and Scotch mutton, but they do not fetch nearly as good a price. There is a good chance for trade in chilled Canadian lambs and mutton to be built up.

CANADIAN CHEESE.

I found Canadian cheese holding its place in the British markets. This year has shown a more active demand from consumers than has existed during the summer for a few seasons. I think the output of cheese has been slightly above the average quantity, and some twenty cents above the average price of the last two years. There is still a wide difference between the prices of the finest Scotch and English Cheddars and the finest Canadian cheese. As an instance I may cite what I saw in one of the large warehouses in London. A lot of Scotch Cheddars was sold at 62 per cwt. they had a slightly richer body and finer flavor than the Canadian cheese in the same warehouse, and in this country would have been counted worth a quarter, or at most a half cent per pound more than the Canadian. Yet they were sold wholesale at four cents per pound over the top price for the Canadian cheese on the same market on the same day. There is room still for improving the quality of Canadian cheese until a large share of it is as fine as the best English and Scotch Cheddars. With cool storage at the cheese factories so constructed and managed that the temperature will never rise above 68 degrees in summer, it is easily practicable to make cheese of as rich a body and as fine a flavor as the best I saw in England or Scotland.

At present the discrimination between the different qualities of cheese in Canada seldom leads in the same

district to a difference of more than half a cent per pound, whereas in Great Britain the differences are often as much as four or five cents, wholesale.

An evil complained of by many of the importers in Great Britain is the practice by some exporters on this side the Atlantic of selling "futures": that is, offering to sell cheese at certain prices for future delivery, often before the cheese is made. In their opinion if that could be effectually stopped, the trade would be on a healthier and more satisfactory basis, with the likelihood of more remunerative prices for the producers in Canada.

CREAMERY BUTTER.

I found a great change in the reputation of Canadian creamery butter in the markets of London and Manchester. During the past few years it has won for itself a good name and increasing demand. Danish butter still holds a good place on the British markets, but on some of them it is only second to the best Irish butter from the co-operative creameries. The "North British Agriculturalist," in its issue of August 4th, published the last of a series of articles on Danish farming. The writer illustrates the article by a number of cuts reproduced from kodak photographs of cow stables in Denmark. He agrees with Mr. Speirs, an eminent Scottish farmer who visited Denmark lately with several other members of the royal commission on tuberculosis, in saying that "Danish dairy stocks were as a rule kept under the most deplorable sanitary conditions. Tuberculosis of a generalized and very virulent type was exceedingly prevalent there and the wells for the water supply to the farm households and live stock as well as for washing of the butter were in three cases out of four within less than a dozen yards from the dungstead; so that he had been forced to the conclusion that many of the obscure cases of typhoid fever in this country were caused by the use of Danish butter."

I think that the place heretofore occupied by Danish butter which has been stupendously advertised well manufactured, generally uniform in quality, and put up in most attractive packages, will hereafter be taken by Irish creameries and Canadian creameries.

The 56 pound box is the butter package most in favor. Manufacturers and shippers of butter should take special pains to put every package in a canvas bag while it is clean. An unsold, neat and attractive package will attract the best customers who are able and willing to pay the highest range of prices the market will afford. In conversation with a large butter dealer in Scotland, who handles only butter from Irish and Scotch creameries, he said to me that he had that day examined a lot of Canadian creamery butter which arrived in one of the cold storage chambers, and that he had never seen a finer quality of creamery butter, adding: "If you Canadians can send butter like that all the time, you will take a first place on the markets here."

The general good health of Canadian cattle, the purity of the water supply, the luxuriance and fine quality of the herbage and fodders, and the cleanly habits of the people are all advantages on the side of Canada which count for a great deal. While I saw the best quality of fresh butter selling at from 84 to 88 per cwt., I saw what was called creamery butter from the United States, slightly off in flavor and soft in body, selling at from 60 per cwt. The market emphasizes in the most striking way that for anything under the very best in quality an almost ruinously low price was the best that could be obtained.

CANADIAN BACON.

Canadian bacon is taking a relatively better place in the British market than it has done hitherto. A great advance has been made during the last two years, and particularly during the current summer. In this product also I have found that there is a very great difference between the prices obtainable for the finest qualities and any seconds, "fats" or "softs" as they are called. It will pay the Canadian farmer to so select, rear and feed the hogs that they will have a large number of hogs of fairly uniform quality. They should be what are called fleshy hogs. These are obtained chiefly through feeding the young hogs, after they are weaned, on skim milk or butter milk and allowing them a great deal of exercise. Then they should be fattened on mixed grains, with a quantity of skim-milk and butter-milk, or whey, mixed with them.

The best bacon pigs are those which when ready to kill weigh from 160 to 180 pounds, live weight. These are also the pigs which yield the largest profit on their feeding. At that time they have given a larger increase in live weight for the amount of food consumed than they could at any later period of their growth.

There has been considerable increase in the number of swine fattened in Canada during the summer in connection with dairying, and the prices during the past month have been remunerative, at Toronto the No. 1 hogs selling as high as six cents per pound, live weight. According to their actual value for making bacon for the British markets, No. 1 selected hogs, weighing about 160 pounds, are worth about one

cent per pound live weight more than those which are too fat, soft or rough.

POULTRY.

All the poultry dealers whom I saw said that Canadian turkeys were well liked in Great Britain; and why should they not be? The experts declare that their flesh is whiter, sweeter and of a higher flavor than the turkeys from the continent. The turkeys should be killed in such a way as to leave no external blemish on the birds. They should be plucked so as to leave no disfiguring marks and no tears on the skin or surface; and the feet and legs should be spotlessly clean. For export they should be packed in cases and sorted so that each case will contain birds of nearly as equal weight as possible. In one case there might be put birds weighing from eight to ten pounds. The number of birds in the case and the range of weight (namely from eight to ten pounds, or other weights) should be marked on the outside. Another box could contain the birds weighing from ten to twelve pounds, etc. Cock turkeys of large size sell well about Christmas time. At other seasons of the year birds of smaller size, from eight to twelve pounds, are in greater demand. Those in the trade say that there is a good sale for them from the middle of November until the end of March. There is a large market for chickens of good size and quality, but as yet the Canadian farmers do not supply enough of those for the demand of our own cities.

EGGS.

Great Britain imports eggs annually to the value of about \$20,000,000. Canadian eggs are gaining in favor. Those arriving this year in cold storage are said to be pleasing very well. The only complaint I heard was that when the cases were opened they became very moist, and were said to be "sweating" or becoming covered with dew. As a matter of fact the cause was when eggs from the cold storage chamber were exposed to a warm, moist atmosphere the moisture from the air was condensed on their surface just the same as the moisture would be condensed on the surface of a glass containing ice cold water. When the egg cases are left closed two days in a warehouse at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, and then opened, the eggs are warmed up gradually. After that this trouble, which is called "sweating," does not occur. It is important that the eggs for export to Great Britain should be collected from the nests regularly and that only those that are collected regularly should be sold to the exporters. When a useful is found at home, these should not be put with the eggs so collected in the usual way. The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a speech at the annual Hawarden flower show, a fortnight ago, dealing mainly with butter and eggs, said: "Find that twelve hundred million eggs are laid all over Europe in order to be imported to England. I cannot help thinking it would be a good thing if five or six hundred millions of these eggs were laid at home. Because you may depend on this, that the nearer the egg is laid to the place where it is consumed the better and fresher it will be." With the cold storage from Canada, the hens from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces can lay down eggs in the pantries of the most fastidious in Great Britain, fresh in flavor and fit for any egg use, the collecting, the packaging and the packing must be looked after carefully.

PEACHES, PEARLS AND GRAPES.

I was able to arrange for the sale in Great Britain of the trial shipments of peaches, pears and grapes which are to be sent from the Niagara. For the first year these trial shipments will be sent only or mainly to Covent Garden, in London, and to the Fruit Bazaar, in Glasgow.

I saw pears from California arrive in very good condition at Covent Garden. They were sold at excellent prices, and I am sure that the Canadian pears, of higher flavor and finer quality, can be delivered in equally good condition.

Since I returned I visited Grimsby, Ont., inspected the cold storage warehouse, and had a conference with the fruit growers who have agreed to furnish fruit for these trial shipments. There is an excellent crop of Grapes, peaches and pears, a fine and unusually heavy crop of Bartlett pears, and the promise of a very good crop of grapes. The fruit growers at Grimsby have procured a quantity of suitable packages, and the first trial shipment will be sent from there next week. Each fruit will be wrapped in tissue paper. They will be packed in comparatively small trays, holding from three to five pounds each. The outside cases, or crates, are constructed to permit of thorough ventilation. The fruit will be cooled in the cold storage building before it is put into the refrigerator cars; a special chamber will be provided on the steamships and every reasonable precaution will be taken to see that the fruit is landed in good condition in London and Glasgow. Full information of the prices obtained, etc., will be published for the benefit of fruit growers in Canada, and I am confident that a large and profitable trade can be developed in the shipment of these foods to Great Britain.

GOOD PROSPECTS.

I saw the members of many firms, and also British officials, and received and gave information on Canadian products which will help to develop trade in the lines available to Canadians. On the whole, I think that the cold storage service arranged for by the Minister of Agriculture marks a distinct era in the place which Canadian products of the more perishable sorts will take on the British markets.

TEN YEARS IN THE TOILS. South American Kidney Cure Loosed the Bonds and Freed the Prisoner—It Relieves in Six Hours.

"It is to certify that after taking six boxes of South American Kidney Cure I am completely cured of stricture and gravel having suffered from these complaints for over ten years. I felt relief almost immediately, and after taking three bottles felt greatly improved. I continued its use until I was satisfied I was perfectly cured. Willis Goff, Chippewa, Ont. Sold by W. W. Bole.

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Services—Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; B. Y. P. U. Mon-
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Thursdays evening at 8 o'clock.
All are cordially invited.

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Pastor—Rev. J. C. Cameron, B.A.
Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.;
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Everybody welcome.

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Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8
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The public are cordially invited. All
seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
(ANGELICAN.)
Vicar—Rev. Wm. Watson.
Sunday Services: Holy Eucharist every
Sunday at 8 a.m., monthly and on Festivals
after Matins at 11 o'clock. Sunday School
and Adult Classes at 2:30. Evensong
and sermon at 7. Special services during Ad-
vent and Lent on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.
All seats free. All persons invited and
welcome. Books provided.

ENCOURAGING REPORT.

**Colonization Agent Caven With
Michigan Delegates Speak
Highly of the North-
West.**

It will be remembered that some
weeks ago Mr. D. L. Caven, Dominion
Immigration Agent at Bad Axe,
Michigan, and L. H. Housie, editor and
proprietor of the Brown City *Banner*,
and J. S. McDonald, of Grandstone
City, passed through Moose Jaw en
route to the western portion of the
Territories, as delegates from a score or
so of Michigan families to spy out the
land. The delegates have completed
their journey and returned home last
week. In writing up the Canadian
West, having travelled by C.P.R. some
3,000 miles, and by teams through
different parts of the country, 800
miles, Mr. McDonald states that the
gentlemen named were completely
carried away with what they seen dur-
ing their tour and unanimously believe
the country to be the finest under the
sun for the rich or poor man and from
personal interviews, had they read in
pamphlet or papers would not have
believed one half of it. They were
surprised to see such cities as Winni-
peg and Portage la Prairie, Brandon
and Regina and the number of towns with
large general stores, speaking so highly
of the country and the future prospects.
They are under the impression that we
all get immigrants by train loads next
spring from Michigan. Mr. McDonald
received word from home asking him
to look out a good farming country for
about 50 families in his vicinity. The
delegates are more than surprised to
see such a number of churches and
schools in this new country. Mr. Caven
showed samples of grain from Alberta,
different points in the Territories and
Manitoba in straw and sacks which he
intends to show at the State Grand
Raid, Michigan fair, Sept. 6th till the
10th. Mr. Caven thinks there will
be an average crop of wheat from one
end of the country to the other, except-
ing where it was sown late and wet.
This is his twentieth trip to the prairie
provinces, having been there at all
seasons of the year. Mr. Caven
believes there is no country in the
world compared with the North West
as a grain producing and vegetable
country. Having lived in California
and Oregon for nine years and travelled
through Texas, Kansas, Nebraska,
Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota, he thinks
the latter states are not to be compared
to our Canadian west. Mr. Caven has
visited several families that he sent out
this spring from Michigan who have
located and purchased land, built houses
and they like the country well.

Mining Gold in Klondike.

Not one person in a hundred—says
the *Calgary Herald*—who is at present
suffering from the gold craze has the
slightest idea of the work involved in
obtaining the precious metal. The gold
is covered by frozen gravel in winter.
During the summer, until the snow is
melted, the surface is covered with
muddy torrents. When the snow is all
melted and the springs begin to freeze
the streams dry up. At the approach
of winter, in order to get at the gold,
the miners find it necessary to dig into
the gravel formation. Formerly they
stripped the gravel off until they came
to the gold. Now they sink a shaft to
the bottom of the gravel and tunnel
along underneath in the gold bearing
layer. The way this is done is interest-
ing, as it has to be done in cold weather
when everything is frozen. The miners
build fires over the area where they
intend to work, and keep these lighted
over that territory for the space of
twenty-four hours. Then, at the ex-
piration of this period the gravel will
be melted and softened to the depth of
six or seven inches. This is then taken
off and other fires built until the gold
bearing layer is reached. When the
shaft is down that far, fires are built
at the bottom against the sides of the
layer and tunnels made in this manner.
Blasting would do no good on account
of the hard nature of the materials,
and would blow out just as out of a
gun. The matter taken out containing
gold is piled up until spring, when the
torrents come down and it is panned
and cradled.

Hats on Horses.

The latest innovation in London is
to clothe horses with hats. The fashion
comes from Bordeaux and other places
abroad in the south. A "horse hat"
is now on view at the rooms of the
Society for the prevention of cruelty to
animals in London.

The principal advocate of horse
millinery is Mr. Percy, a wine merchant
through whose efforts the Bordeaux
hat has been introduced. It has a
wide brim and a high conical crown,
and might possibly be used by a human
being at a fancy dress ball in the guise
of a shepherd or the Swiss peasant of
the stage.

Dainty colored ribbons flash from
the top. Each side of the brim is a
hole sewn around with blue braid and
through it the ears of the animal pass.
The horse does not rely upon a hat pin
or upon the ears for fastening, but upon
a ribbon which ties under the chin,
bringing down the sides in a sort of
dolly dandy shape.

The calmen are alive to the humor
of the thing and roar with amusement
when one of these hatted horses trots
by. Advocates of the fashion take
the matter seriously, and insist that
the horse wear the hats with as much
pride as dogs do new collars. They
expect the fashion to spread.

Mr. Percy has presented the Queen
and the Prince of Wales with speci-
mens. There is no limit to the possible
variety. Should they become popular
the west end cabbie may one day be as
particular about the bonnet worn by
his mare as about the appearance of his
bansome. The cynics say the danger is
that the hat will pamper the horse and
that the animal will soon need a parasol.

A Great Book Free.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.,
published the first edition of his great work
The People's Common Sense Medical Ad-
viser, he announced that after 680,000 copies
had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per
copy, the profit on which would repay him
for the great amount of labor and money
expended in producing it, he would distri-
bute the next half million free. As this
number of copies has already been sold, he
is now giving away, absolutely free, 500,000
copies of this most complete, interesting and
valuable common sense medical work ever
published—the recipient only being required
to mail to him, at the above address, 31 one
cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only,
and the book will be sent post-paid. It is
a veritable medical library, complete in one
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Story of Misery that William
Davidson Tells, and Thousands
Have To-Day the same Song of
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Nervine.

"I suffered untold misery for over three
months from neuralgia of the stomach.
Physicians did their best to help me, but all
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will send you absolutely free of charge, by re-
turn mail securely sealed, a remedy which if
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phites, can be taken as easily in
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plain oil it is palatable, and the
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digestion and at the same time tone
up the system.

For sickly, delicate children, and
for those whose lungs are affected,
it is a mistake to leave it off in the
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reduced if necessary.

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especially for summer use and for
children, where a smaller dose is re-
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A Woman's Influence.

"When we were first married, if any one had told me, mamma," said Mrs. Adams, "that I should lose all my influence over Carl in less than three years, I'd have laughed at them, but it's true, nevertheless," and she bit her lip to keep from crying.

"You are mistaken, dear; I'm sure you are. Carl loves you too much to willingly pain you," and Mrs. Tapton rounded the heel of the stocking she was knitting.

"Well, if he loves me he takes a very queer way of showing it. He never spends an evening at home with me any more. It's either a lodge meeting or business at his office that detains him, so he says. However, I know that all this isn't so innocent as it seems. Little by little he has drifted away from me until I feel that I am a mere cipher in his life," and the young wife buried her face in her mother's lap and sobbed bitterly.

The elder lady smoothed her hair gently for a minute, then asked gravely:

"Have you any positive knowledge, Belle, that he has formed any undesirable associations?"

"I scarcely know what you would call positive, mamma. I only judge by his actions, and then, too, I smell the liquor on his breath when he comes home. There isn't a doubt but that he's drinking, and somehow it seems as though my heart would break when I think of it," cried Belle sadly. "Oh, if you only knew the agony of those sleepless hours when I'm waiting for him, listening for his footsteps, yet dreading to hear it for fear it will betray the disgrace that has fallen upon me. An each street-car bell sounds in the distance I pray that he is coming, only to be disappointed, until I'm so nervous that it seems as though I would go crazy."

When he finally does arrive, his face flushed, clothes disarranged, and voice thick, and stammers upon me, much a feeling of loathing comes over me that I can scarcely keep from running out of the house and away from him forever."

As she paused out of breath, Mrs. Tapton asked gently:

"Are you sure, dear, that the fault is entirely on his side?"

"Why, mamma, what do you mean?" Belle cried in amazement.

"Just what I say. If Carl were to spend an evening at home, how would you entertain him?"

"Naturally him, mamma!"

"Yes, entertain him."

"Why, nothing, of course. He has his papers, and I my magazines, and we would sit and read."

"Is that the way you used to entertain him before you were married?" asked the mother, resuming her knitting, while a slight smile lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"No," Belle answered slowly. "But, then, neither does he act the same to me."

"Do you remember, my dear daughter, my telling you before you were married that you must not gauge Carl by the same standard you did yourself? He is down-town all day, surrounded by business and business cares. When night comes he needs some relaxation."

"I remember rightly, Carl is very fond of music. Do you ever play for him now?"

"I can't bear to touch the piano, mamma, since baby died. Somehow the light of my life went out when he was taken away," and Belle's lip began to quiver again.

"Didn't Carl love the baby, too?" was the next question Mrs. Tapton asked, to which her daughter answered:

"Of course he did."

"Then, my dear, don't you think he has been fretting, too? Sad memories may cluster around articles of furniture for him as for you, and if you make no effort to dispel them, he will naturally drift away from you. Belle, my daughter, it is not an easy matter to bring a vessel back to shore when once it reaches the breakers. Don't let Carl get too far away, and he'll never come back."

And kind eyes filled with tears as she gently kissed the forehead of her daughter, while a feeling of sympathy and pity almost overwhelmed her.

Belle opened her lips to reply, but was checked by the entrance of several callers, and as soon as possible she made her escape and hurried home, her veil closely drawn to hide her hiding tears. Entering the house, she went up to her room, and there her thoughts busy with her trouble.

As she entered it, her eyes fell upon a life-sized picture of her husband, taken immediately after their marriage. Going up to it, she gazed long and earnestly at the gallant, frank-looking young man, whose pictured face smiled back at her reassuringly. Oh, to have him once again like that! She felt that she would give ten years of her life to accomplish it, yet she was powerless. What good would her efforts do? Yes, alone she was powerless, but as she stood there she remembered the One with whom everything is possible, to Him she could turn in her trouble, and there he before the picture of her lost bridegroom, the young wife knelt and poured out her sorrow to Him whose ear is ever turned to such recitals.

Rising, feeling comforted, Belle took off her wraps, and going to the bureau, selected a dainty lace collar, with which she lightened up her sombre mourning. Carl had protested against her assuming it, as he disliked black on her. In her softened mood she felt that his wishes ought to be consulted.

As she went down stairs she found herself humming a favorite song, a thing she had not done since baby had been stricken down six months before.

When Carl came home she ran to meet him, a custom she had left behind with their honeymoon, and slipping her arm in his, drew him into the house. The young man looked surprised, but said nothing. He had grown so accustomed to the manifestations of Belle's grief that the gloom which brooded over his household seemed a

matter of course. At the table he found several of his favorite dishes, and he could not help noting the brightened expression in his wife's face.

"Why, Belle, this seems like old times," he said, as he helped himself for the third time to the chicken pie. "You are the only woman in the world who can make the right sort of chicken pie. Honestly, I believe it was that which made me fall in love with you. Do you remember, you made some for the church feast, where I first met you. When I tasted the pie I resolved to marry the author of it, and I did," and Carl leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Yes, my chicken pie and my singing you used to say won your heart," Belle said slowly.

"Yes, if singing played a pretty large part in the business, I think I used to sit the entire evening and listen to you. Do you remember?" and Carl's eyes grew moist as he looked across the table at his wife.

"Of course, I do," returned Belle quickly, then, more diffidently: "You've had the chicken pie to-night, how would you like some of the singing, too?"

Carl's face clouded, and he said with evident regret: "I'm awfully sorry, Belle, but I've promised to go as a visitor to one of the lodges. I can't get off till about six o'clock."

Belle said nothing, but bravely endeavored to hide her disappointment. The effort had been very great for her to cease aside her sorrow and restrain her customary duties, and it hurt her more than she would have been willing to confess to have him leave her alone again. Carl saw the shadow which fell upon her face, and he refused to stay at home, and for a moment he hesitated, then a memory of former joyful meetings came up before him, and he hastily put on his coat and left the house.

As his footsteps died away in the distance Belle bowed her head, and finally cried herself to sleep, feeling that all her efforts had been in vain.

When Carl returned several hours later, he let himself in with a latchkey and slipped upstairs. He was not surprised to find the house dark and quiet. Of late, if Belle waited up for him, she sat in the dark in their room. However, his conscience smote him as he groped his way to the table and felt for a match.

"Poor little woman," he muttered. "I might just as well have stayed at home with her to-night. She seemed a little like her old self, but I don't know this match, won't it ever light?"

Having finally secured a light, Carl glanced around the room. Belle was not sitting at the window, but lying down upon the bed, where she had thrown herself in her loneliness. Carl advanced slowly, shading the light with his hand. There was something pitiful in the absence of the little figure. One hand was tucked under the pale cheek, her left hand, where gleamed her wedding ring, while her soft, golden hair fell over her shoulders. As he looked down at her sweet face, and noted the dark circles under her eyes and the pallor of her cheeks, where the rich blood had been chased in becoming blushes, his heart melted in becoming remorse over him.

Bending down over his unconscious wife, he saw that her pillow was wet with tears.

"Poor little woman, she's cried herself to sleep," he said, softly, "and just because I was too mean to stay at home and comfort her up a little. If it's as simple as that, I'll stay at home to-morrow night, no matter what happens."

With this resolve in mind, the next morning at breakfast he said, as he was putting on his overcoat:

"By the way, Belle, if you will be good enough to play and sing for me to-night, I'll break all my engagements. I'm awfully sorry I couldn't stay home last night, and he laughed nervously."

Belle's lip quivered, but she forced a smile and accompanied him to the door. Carl stood for a moment with his hand on the knob, then stooped and kissed her tenderly. To the young wife none of his lover's kisses had been as sweet as this one, and the memory of it brightened her entire day.

When she changed her dress that afternoon, Belle managed to lighten her mourning again, and fastened a white ribbon around her throat. Her happy feelings were reflected in her smiling face, as she met Carl, and he was astonished at the change that one day had effected.

After dinner, at which Carl again enjoyed one of his wife's chicken pies, Belle slipped away, and a few moments later the soft strains of one of his favorite melodies floated into his ears. He felt that he had been deceived, for he had been told that she had played for him before they were married. After playing for sometime, she began to sing, and as he listened to her Carl realized some of the miseries his wife had suffered. Her suffering had mellowed her voice, and having experienced human woe, she was the better able to give expression to it.

From that night Belle realized that Carl was no longer drifting, although she oftentimes encountered cross currents in her efforts to guide him back in safety to the harbor of domestic life. He became discouraged and felt like abandoning the struggle, but when this feeling came over her she sought help from the Eternal Source, and returned to her work strengthened and refreshed. She studied his tastes in her dress, and willingly played and sang for him whenever he would remain at home, until she felt convinced that former evil associations were abandoned, and that he once more belonged to her. This victory was not won in a single day, but took long weeks of patient endeavor, weeks that she felt were the most useful in her life, when, he, some six months after her memorable conversation with her mother, said gently as they went upstairs together:

"Belle, our married life was very near shipwreck when you took your place at the tiller. If ever a wife deserves credit for reclaiming a man, it is that woman," and he bent down and reverently kissed her bright face.

NOT A MENDING OUTFIT.

This man slashed my clothing into shreds, and the complaining witness excitedly.

I have nothing to do with that said the new judge. If he had slashed you it would have been different, but you distinctly understood that this is no repair shop.

WOMAN'S WRACKING.

Mrs. Benham—What were the last words of Mary Queen of Scots? Benham—I suppose she asked if her head was on the block straight.

SPORTING NEWS.

The flash seems to get larger every year.

Yes; trying to keep up with the flash stories, I suppose.

LOOKS VERY UGLY AGAIN.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WITH TURKEY AT AN END.

The Demands of the Ambassador With Reference to the Greek-Turkish Frontier are Not Considered Favourable at the Porte.

A correspondent in Constantinople sends the following about the state of affairs in Turkey:

"You people in London and New York do not appear to understand the situation here. Perhaps you will begin to understand it as the negotiations between the gossamers of Constantinople once again are running with blood. Americans and Europeans here are as nervous as cats. We know there is danger, and all the time the tomfoolery of the peace negotiations is proceeding."

"Doubtless the cable has already told you how, when the British ships in the Golden Horn fired salutes on the Queen's Jubilee Day, thousands of ruffians, armed with bludgeons and knives, rushed into the streets, asking whether they should begin upon the Greeks or Armenians. This was not a surprise to us. We can go, any evening, to certain cafes in the Tophane quarter, and find there the leaders of these ruffians, who are ready and waiting for the signal to cut throats. You will probably think that our fears run away with our common sense, but things incredible to you are known facts to us. They are known, too, to the ambassadors, and through them to every Government in Europe."

TWIFK HAS BEEN CAUTIONED.

"Twifk Pasha has been repeatedly warned that if Christian blood is shed Turkish blood shall flow with it the next time. He has invariably smiled, and assured the ambassadors that there is absolutely no danger of disturbances."

"This man is conducting the peace negotiations in behalf of the Sultan, whom he has seen several times a day. He tells him with a facility that is somewhat remarkable even for an Oriental diplomatist. When he was tackled with the significant incident on Jubilee day, and was asked to explain why innocent Armenians were arrested instead of the armed ruffians, he declared that the incident never occurred and nobody was arrested. Yet it is beyond doubt that at least 200 Armenians were thrown into prison on that day and still remain there."

"No man's life is safe here. A nod from the palace will destroy it. Have you heard of the murder of Zeki Pasha, a German military officer in the Ottoman service? He was no mere Armenian, but an exalted dignitary of conspicuous ability, who had rendered great service to the Turkish authorities, but he was suspected of an affair of gallantry with a lady remotely connected with the Imperial family. The Sultan winked and poor Zeki was snuffed out. He was mowed about the middle of June, and ten days later his body was found covered with dagger wounds in the courtyard of an empty house."

SAID IT WAS SUICIDE.

"It was a clear case of suicide, blandly explained Twifk Pasha. But it was urged, the murder and character of the wounds showed that suicide was out of the question. Oh, well, then, doubtless he was the victim of Greek venom against German officers in his Majesty's service, and there are probably many more to follow."

"Twifk Pasha, in truth is equal to any emergency. A fortnight ago Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, was snuffed out by a dagger, and the Turkish troops would be out of Turkey by the end of June."

"What need of haste?" asked Twifk Pasha. His Majesty's troops are perfectly contented and well behaved, and able to protect the people. The Theodorians have no desire to return to King George's court rule."

"But the Theodorians are a dangerous and able to protect the people. The Theodorians have no desire to return to King George's court rule."

"Then he wired to Edhem Pasha for a petition from the people begging the Turkish troops to remain. Such a petition is not useful in the peace negotiations, and Twifk Pasha was done. This week Twifk Pasha gravely brought before the Ambassador a petition comparing to be signed by 15,000 Theodorians. The Ambassador said that he would not attempt to sign it, but that he would send it to his Majesty's Government."

"Sir Philip remarked that the Theodorians were evidently well educated, and that they were a dangerous and able to protect the people. The Theodorians have no desire to return to King George's court rule."

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must make them or be wretched; care is employment, and without employ the soul is on the rack, the ray of rest to souls most adverse; action all their joy—Young.

HAD TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

A Colonial Government Could Not Protect an Englishman Who Killed a Black.

Thomas Wilkinson, who arrived at New York last week, comes to the United States as a sort of exile from the Island of Jamaica. On May 22 Mr. Wilkinson, who is an Englishman, shot Edward Stewart, a black man, in the Queen's highway in Newport. On June 12 he was acquitted of murder on the ground of self-defence. The killing of the negro had aroused intense racial feeling. After Mr. Wilkinson's acquittal the anger of the black population against him increased. He was kept in the police station several days. The Government finally induced him to leave the country.

As Mr. Wilkinson explained it, there are three elements in the Jamaica population, the whites, who are few, the browns, who are more, and the blacks, who exceed the whites and the browns, together. The blacks are for the most part uneducated, superstitious, and dissatisfied under English rule. The browns, who are the whites against the blacks. Since the summary suppression of Gordon's insurrection in 1865, the blacks have been orderly and law-abiding, to the extent, at least, that there has been no open outbreak, but have gradually regained their old attitude of insubordination and early insolence. They are spoiling for a fight, he said, and he expects another race conflict.

Called him "Ponchee."

The story of Mr. Wilkinson's trouble is this: He was going toward the door of his house, where he lived alone, early in the evening of May 22. Several men were standing in the doorway of an adjoining shop when he passed. They were noisy. One of them called out "Ponchee!"

"Don't you call me Ponchee!" said Mr. Wilkinson, for the term is one of derision and insult.

Stewart, who was one of the crowd in front of the shop, made an answer which angered Mr. Wilkinson, and the two fell to blustering. Two other negroes backed up Stewart, and Wilkinson was forced back, step by step, for almost ninety feet. Stewart stripped off his coat, and with a revolver in his hand, he leaped forward, he fired. Stewart fell, and the other two ran. A lone white man went directly to the police station near by and gave himself up. The trial was at Mandeville. The town was crowded with blacks of the worst character, who made open threats that no matter what the decision of the jury, Mr. Wilkinson should die after the trial was over. The prisoner was moved from his jail to a room under heavy escort of constabulary.

SMUGGLED AWAY.

The crowds in the town did not decrease. As the news spread through the mountainous districts of Manchester, that the white man's law would let the slayer of Stewart escape, more and more of the natives came in. They sought quarrels with whites on the street. They lost no opportunity to insult or terrify white men. At length Mr. Wilkinson received a proposition from the Colonial Secretary, through Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Jamaica. It was that the Government would advance him money to pay his passage money to New York, and provide him with sufficient money to remain in New York for some time. The amount was \$1,000, and it was published in the newspapers that Mr. Wilkinson believed that there would be no peace or safety in Jamaica until Mr. Wilkinson was gone. The Government told him that if he would accept the offer, he would be further with police protection if he did not accept the offer.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Wilkinson consented to go. He was smuggled to Kingston, travelling most of the night. He is on his way to Chicago to look up some property he owns there.

A DOCTOR'S NERVE.

After Being Severely Wounded He Directed the Work of the Other Surgeons.

There was stern discipline among the Japanese in their late war with China, and at every point a display of iron nerve. The medical inspector of the combined fleet was Dr. Kawamura Hosoya, who was on board the flag-ship during one tremendous action, when the vessel was struck with disastrous effect by a shell.

One gun was shattered, the floor of the surgery was crushed in, and the doctor was thrown with terrible force against the ceiling. When he regained his senses he found himself unable to rise upon his feet, and could only crawl out of the wrecked surgery to seek a place of comparative safety. A marine met him, picked him up without a word and began to carry him away.

"Aren't you a gunner?" asked the wounded man.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you not at your post? Let me down at once, and go there. Others are detailed to attend the wounded."

"But, sir," urged the man, "the gun which I serve was shattered by the shot."

"I thank you for your intentions," said the doctor, firmly, "but you need not attend to the wounded without special orders. That would be a disgrace to your name. I do not need your help."

The gunner placed the wounded man upon the deck and went his way, and the doctor tried to get to his feet, to find out how much his feet and legs were injured. While he was doing this he fainted again, and an attendant bore him away to the room which had been hastily fitted up for a surgery.

There the doctor called for a bucket of sea-water, placed his feet in it to stop their bleeding, and despite his great loss of blood, continued to direct the other surgeons in their care for the wounded.

HIS USUAL POSE.

Julia had her husband's photograph taken with his head stuck in a newspaper.

Why did she do that?

She said that was the way he always looked to her when he was at home.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Switzerland's National Council has voted unanimously to make insurance against accident and sickness compulsory on all citizens.

A young man slipped from the cliff at the Lyford Waterfall, near Trevi-tock, and fell 100 feet without breaking a bone. He will recover.

Mengo, the capital of Uganda, has been reached from the east coast of Africa by an English missionary in three weeks riding a bicycle.

Naples is to be connected with Mount Vesuvius by a direct railroad line, which will connect with the cable line running to the top of the volcano.

Signor Cripoti has sold his furniture and given up his house at Rome. He is going to live in his villa at Naples, and declares that he is out of politics.

A sixty-year-old widow of Tidenham, in Gloucestershire, has been sent to jail for two months for milking other people's cows on the town common.

Puritanism is spreading in the Paris clubs. The Automobile Club has just asked for the resignation of a member who, contrary to the regulations, had taken a lady, not his wife or sister, to the club's villa in the Bois.

At the gala performance at the Paris Renaissance Theatre, to obtain funds for the statue to Alexandre Dumas, the younger, at which D. Bernhardt, Tanneguy, Nevada, and Yvette Guilbert appeared, over 31,000 francs were taken at the door.

While the Bishop of Tarnow was confirming the children in the parish church of Kolbusowa, in Galicia, lightning struck the church, killing one peasant and wounding two others. The Bishop, who was pronouncing the blessing, was unhurt.

Charlotte Wolter, during the thirty-five years that she was at the Vienna Burg Theatre, acted in 127 parts. She was buried in the white gold-embroidered dress of Iphigenia, and at her request no black was used at her funeral. She left half a million francs to her niece.

Calcium carbide is being tried in France as a remedy against the phylloxera. The carbide is used, mixed with water, in the place of ordinary hydrogen, which is a powerful destroyer of insect life.

The English war office authorities are a good deal troubled over the results of using cordite for artillery. At recent practice at Okehampton, out of eighteen guns of the Horse Artillery fired cordite in place of ordinary powder, seven guns became useless after firing only two rounds each.

Queen Victoria has outlived not only all the dukes of 1837, but half of those who were alive at her fiftieth anniversary in 1887. The then Dukes of Bedford, Buckingham, Cleveland, Devonshire, Hamilton, Leinster, Manchester, Marlborough, Rutland, Somerset, and Sutherland, have all died during the last ten years.

Prof. Camillo Antona-Traversi, the well-known Italian literary historian and dramatist, has been convicted of forgery at Rome, and condemned to four years imprisonment. He has appealed, and in a letter published in the Corriere della Sera declares that he is innocent, and that if the appeal goes against him he will kill himself.

Paris's monumental Alexander III. bridge, to connect the esplanade of the Invalides with the Champs Elysees, is causing trouble. It was to be 180 feet wide, but the engineers' estimates were so much below the actual cost that it will only cost about half the price of half the width with much cheaper material for the money voted.

The Duchess of Cumberland, Princess Thyra of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales and of the Dowager Empress, has again broken down and been taken to a private asylum near Vienna. The cause is anxiety on account of the long illness of her son, who was recently subjected to another operation to prevent the decay of the bones of his leg.

Johannesburg, according to the latest figures, has now 136,000 inhabitants, 51,000 of whom are whites. There are 16,265 British, 3,335 Russians, 2,263 Germans, 819 Dutch, 442 Frenchmen, 311 Swedes, and Norwegians, 266 Italians, and 185 from other non-African countries; the others come from the Orange Free State and the British South African colonies.

France is shocked by a miscarriage of justice due to a stupid jury. At Epinal a woman who confessed to murdering her four-year-old child, after torturing it atrociously for months, was acquitted, the jury explaining, afterward that they thought the effect of the acquittal would be to send the accused to penal servitude for life. The people of Epinal tried to lynch the woman and the jury.

Instead of the usual naval manoeuvres this year the British vessels that assembled at Portsmouth for the jubilee manoeuvres, will sail in procession around the United Kingdom and show themselves at the principal ports. The 14,000-ton cruiser Terrible will be speeded across the Atlantic from the Mersey to New York, to see what chance she would have to catch an American liner steamer in case of war.

THE NEW ORDER.

See you had a lynching here, said the stranger to Purple Pat. Horse thief? Naw, Bicycle.

Tommy—Paw, what is the difference between 'well' and 'good'? Mr. Figg—Well I have noticed that about the only time you can be depended on to be good is when you are not feeling well."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It is Rapidly Becoming the Tongue of Trade—Jealous Germany.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties foreigners find in mastering the English language, that tongue is becoming the handmaid of commerce the world over. Sir Michael Mulhall has shown that all the seven European languages the English alone has increased in use since the beginning of the century. And the figures tell a story not of nominal increase, but of jumping up to more than double the percentage being from 12 to 27.

Three great countries within a single year have ordered the teaching of English in the schools. This was the first thing Li Hong Chang saw to whom he returned to the study of English in all the schools of Mexico.

The queer and sometimes awkward features of English orthography are the only blocks to the general acceptance of our tongue in commercial dealings. They do, therefore, no country realize it would invariably lead to the choice of English and drive out the mother tongue.

America's great commercial competitor, Germany, is the most active in efforts to displace English as the German language, or by some new and universal tongue. Naturally Germany opposes the advent of such a court of arbitration as is proposed by the London Convention, which would invariably lead to the choice of English and drive out the mother tongue.

THE DEEPEST HOLE.

It is in Silesia, and Extends Into the Ground Over a Mile.

The deepest hole in the ground is more than a mile in depth, and is situated in the neighborhood of Hybrisk, in Upper Silesia. To be strictly accurate, it is 6,571 feet deep, or 1 mile 430 yards 1 foot—close on a mile and a quarter. It was begun for the purpose of searching for coal, and 83 different seams were discovered. At the surface the diameter of the boring was a foot, but this was reduced to a little more than eight inches at a depth of 200 feet. Here the diameter of the hole was found to be 6 feet 6 inches. The diamond drill had to be employed. As the boring proceeded the weight of the boring rods naturally became greater and greater, until at last at a depth of 6,500 feet the tools alone weighed over 30,155 pounds, or close on 11 tons. The breaking of the rod was consequently by no means infrequent, and at last a piece of steel broke off which it was impossible to remove. This stopped the work, after nearly 820,000 had been spent in the construction of the hole. While the temperature of the ground was also 58 degrees Fahrenheit, it reached 137 degrees at the bottom of the tube, where the diameter was only two and three quarter inches.

DON'T NEED 'EM.

Some Parts of the Human Anatomy Entirely Superfluous.

"I have just had a physician cut my tonsils out," said a travelling man the other day. "and I feel better already. My tonsils had a habit of becoming inflamed on the slightest provocation and giving me a good deal of trouble. Every doctor I ever consulted advised me to have them removed,

